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THE ORDER OF POVERTY.

BY DOUGLASS JERROLD.

Why should not Lazarus make to himself an order of tatters? Why should not Poverty have its patch of honor? Wherefore should not the undubbed knights of evil fortune carry about them, with a gracious humility, the inevitable types of their valorous contest with the Paynim iniquities of life? Wherefore may not man wear indigence as proudly as nobility flashes its jewels? Is there not a higher heraldry, than that of the college?

A short time ago, the King of Greece awarded to an Englishman the Order of the Redeemer. The Englishman did not reject the gift; he did not stare with wonder, or smile in meek pity at the grave mockery of the distinction; but winning the consent of our Sovereign Lady Victoria to sport the jewel, the Knight of Christ—knight by the handiwork of the King of Greece—hung about him the Order of the Redeemer!

And what may be the gracious discipline of

this Order of Redemption? Has Knight Emerson Tennant—for unless our memory slip, such is the new knight's name—has he sold off all that he had and given to the poor? We have heard of no such broker's-work; and surely the newspaper tongue would have given loud utterance to the penitence of Mammon. What discipline, then, does this Order of Christ compel upon its holy and immaculate brotherhood? What glorifying services toward the heart and spirit of man—what self-martyrdom, does it recompense? Is it the bright reward of humility—of active loving-kindness toward everything that breathes? Is it, that Emerson Tennant, beyond ten thousand thousand men, has proved the divine temper of the spiritual follower of Jesus, making his hourly life an active goodness, and with every breath he drew, drawing nearer to rewarding Heaven? Surely, the Order of the Redeemer—that awful, solemn badge, setting apart its wearer from the

sordid crowd of earth—could only be vouchsafed to some hard Christian service,—could only reward some triumphant wrestling of the suffering soul—some wondrous victory in the forlorn hope of this dark struggling life. These are our thoughts—these our passionate words; whereupon, the Herald of the Court of Greece—a grave fantastic wizard—with mildly-reproving look and most delicate speech, says—“You are wrong; quite wrong. The Order of the Redeemer, though by no means the first Order, is a very pretty Order in its way. Six months since we gave it to Captain Jonquil, from Paris; and truly no man more deserved the Order of the Redeemer. He has taught His Majesty’s infantry the use of the bayonet: his howitzer practice, too, is a divine thing. Captain Jonquil is a great soldier. Last week, the Order of the Redeemer was also bestowed upon Andreas; a great favorite at court—but, if the naughty truth must be told, a pimp.”

Alas! is Heraldry always innocent of blasphemy?

On the 13th of June, 1843, a grave masque—a solemn ceremony—was held at the Court of St. James’s. Heraldry again looked smug and pompous. A Knight was to be made of “the most ancient Order of the Thistle.” Let us make a clean breast of our ignorance; we assert nothing against the antiquity of the Thistle; for what we know, it may be as old—aye, as old as asses. But upon the glad 13th of June, a Chapter was held, and John, Marquis of Bute, and the Right Hon. William, Earl of Mansfield, were elected Knights. They of course took the oaths to protect and succor distressed maidens, orphans, and widows; to abstain from every sort of wrong, and to do every sort of right.

“The Marquis of Bute then kneeling near the Sovereign, and Mr. Woods on his knee, presenting to the Queen the ribbon and jewel of the Order, Her Majesty was graciously pleased to place the same over the noble Marquis’s left shoulder. His Lordship rising, kissed the Sovereign’s hand, and having received the congratulations of the Knights brethren, retired.”

From that moment, John, Marquis of Bute, looked and moved with the aspect and bearing of a man, radiant with new honors. He was a Knight of the Thistle; and the jewel sparkling at his bosom, feebly typified the bright, admiring looks of the world—the gaze of mingled love and admiration bent upon him. But on this earth—in this abiding place of equity—men do not get even thistles for nothing. It may, indeed, happen, that desert may pant and moan without honor; but in the court of kings, where justice weighs with nicest balance, honor never with its smiles mocks imbecility, or glids with outward lustre a concealed rottenness. Honor never gives alms, but awards justice. Mendicancy, though with liveried lackies clustering at its carriage,—and there is such pauperism,—may whine and pray its hardest, yet move not the inflexible herald. He awards those jewels to virtue, which virtue has sweated, bled for. And it is with this belief, yea, in the very bigotry of the creed, we ask—what has John, Marquis of Bute, fulfilled to earn his thistle? What, the Right Hon. William, Earl of Mansfield? What dragon wrong has either overcome? What giant Untruth stormed in Sophist Castle? What necromantic wickedness baffled and confounded? Yet, these bat-

ties have been fought—these triumphs won; oh! who shall doubt them? Be sure of it, ye unbelieving demagogues—scoffing plebeians, not for nothing nobility browses upon thistles.

We pay all honor to those inventions, these learned devices of the Herald. They doubtless clothe, comfort, and adorn humanity, which, without them, would be cold, naked, shrunk and squalid. They, moreover, gloriously attest the supremacy of the tame, the civilized man, over the wild animal. The Orders of the Herald are *tattoo* without the pain of puncture. The New Zealander carries his knighthood, lined and starred and flowered in his visage. The civilized knight hangs it more conveniently on a riband.

We are such devout believers in the efficacy of Orders, that we devote this small essay to an attempt to make them, under some phase or other, universal. We will not linger in a consideration of the Orders already dead; lovely was their life, and as fragrant is their memory. There was one Order, Teutonic, if we mistake not, the Order of Fools. There was a quaint sincerity in the very title of this brotherhood. Its philosophy was out-speaking; and more than all, the constitution of such a chapter admitted knights against whose worthiness, whose peculiar right to wear the badge, no envious demagogue could say his bitter saying. Surely, in our reverence for the wisdom of antiquity, this Order might be resuscitated. The Fool might have his bauble newly varnished—his cap newly hung with tinkling bells. Some of us chirp and cackle of the wisdom of the by-gone day; but that is only wisdom which jumps with our own cunning; which fortifies us in the warm and quiet nook of some hallowed prejudice. From the mere abstract love of justice, we should be right glad to have the Order of Fools revived in the fullest splendor of Folly. Such an Order would so beneficently provide for many unrewarded public idlers—aye, and public workers.

There was a time, when the world in its first childhood needed playthings. Then was the Herald the world’s toy-maker, and made for it pretty little nick-nacks—golden fleeces—stars, ribands and garters; tempting the world to follow the kickshaws, as nurse with sugared bread-and-butter tempts the yeanning to try its tottering feet. The world has grown old—old and wise; yet is not the Herald bankrupt, but like a pedlar at a fair, draws the hearts of simple men after the shining, silken glories in his box. Meanwhile, philosophy in Hodden gray, laughs at the crowd, who bellow back the laugh, and sometimes pelt the reverend fool for his irreligious humor; for he who believes not in Stars and Garters is unbeliever; to the world’s best and brightest faith, atheist and scoffer.

Is it not strange that a man should think the better of himself for a few stones glittering in his bosom? That a costly band about the leg should make the blood dance more swiftly through the arteries? That a man seeing his breast set with jewelers’ stars, should think them glorious as the stars of heaven,—himself, little less than an earthly god, so deified? If these things be really types and emblems of true greatness, what rascal poverty besets the man without them! How is he damned in his baseness!

What mere offal of humanity, the biped without an Order! And, therefore, let stars be multiplied; and let nobility—like bees—suck honey from Thistles!

We are, however, confirmed in our late failing faith. We are bigoted to Orders. Men, like watches, must work the better upon jewels. Man is, at the best, a puppet; but is only put into dignified motions when pulled by Blue or Red Ribands. Now, as few, indeed, of us can get stars, garters, or ribands, let us have Orders of our own. Let us, with invincible self-complacency, ennoble ourselves.

In the hopeless ignorance and vulgarity of our first prejudice, we might possibly want due veneration for the Golden Fleece; an ancient and most noble Order, worn by few! Yet with all our worst carelessness toward the insignia, we never felt for it the same pitying contempt we feel toward an Order worn by many—not at their button-holes, not outside their breasts, but in the very core of their hearts,—the Order of the Golden Calf.

Oh! bowless Plutus, what a host of Knights! What a lean-faced, low-browed, thick-jowled, swag-bellied brotherhood! Deformity, in all its fantastic variety, meets in the Chapter! They wear no armor of steel or brass, but are cased in the magic mail of impenetrable Bank-paper. They have no sword, no spear, no iron mace with spikes; but they ride merrily into the fight of life, swinging about gold-gutted purses, and leveling with the dust rebellious poverty. These are the Knights of the Golden Calf. It is a glorious community. What a look of easy triumph they have! With what serene self-satisfaction they measure the wide distance between mere paupers—the Knights of the Order of Nothing—and themselves! How they walk the earth as if they alone possessed the patent of walking upright! How they dilate in the light of their own gold, like adders in the sun!

A most fatal honor is this Order of the Golden Calf. It is worn unseen, as we have said, in the hearts of men; but its effects are visible: the disease speaks out in every atom of flesh—poor human worm's-meat!—and throbs in every muscle. It poisons the soul; gives the eye a squint; takes from the face of fellow-man its God-gifted dignity, and makes him a thing to prey upon; to work, to use up; to reduce to so much hard cash; then to be put up, with a wary look of triumph, into the pocket. This Order damns with a leprosy of soul its worshipper. It blinds and deafens him to the glories and the harmonies ministrant poorer men. His eye is jaundiced, and in the very stars of God he sees nought but twinkling guineas.

At this moment great is the Order throughout the land! Tyrannous its laws, reckless its doings. It is strong, and why should it be just? To be of this Order is now the one great striving of life. They alone are men who wear the jewel—wretches they without it. Man was originally made from the dust of the earth: he is now formed of a richer substance: the true man is made of god. Yes, the regenerate Adam is struck only at the Mint.

The Knights of the Order of the Golden Calf have no formal ceremony of election; yet has

brother Knight almost instinctive knowledge of brother. In the solitude of his own thoughts is he made one of the community; in utter privacy he kisses the pulseless hand of Plutus, and swears to his supremacy. The oath divorces him from pauper-life—from its cares, its wants, its sympathies. He is privileged from the uneasiness of thought, the wear and tear of anxiety for fellow-man; he is compact, and self-concentrated in his selfishness. Nought ruffles him that touches not that inmost jewel of his soul, his knighthood's Order.

In the olden day, the Knights of the Fleece, the Garter, and other glories, won their rank upon the battle-field,—blood and strife being to them the handmaids of honor. The chivalry of the Golden Calf is mild and gentle. It splits no brain-pans, spills no blood; yet is it ever fighting. We are at the Exchange. Look at that easy, peaceful man. What a serenity is upon his cheek! What a mild lustre in his eye! How plainly is he habited! He wears the livery of simplicity and the look of peace. Yet has he in his heart the Order of the Golden Calf. He is one of Mammon's boldest heroes. A very soldier of fortune. He is now fighting—fighting valorously. He has come armed with a brand-new lie—a falsehood of surpassing temper, which with wondrous quietude he lays about him, making huge gashes in the money-bags of those he fights with. A good foreign lie, well finished and well mounted, is to this Knight of the Golden Calf as the sword of Faery to Orlando. With it he sometimes cuts down giant fortunes; and after, "grinds their bones to make his bread."

And there are small esquires and pages of the Order; and who, with heartfelt veneration, lick their lips at the Golden Calf, and with more than bridegroom yearning pant for possession. These small folk swarm like summer-gnats; and still they drone the praises of the Calf; and looking at no other thing, have their eyes bleared and dazzled to all beside.

The Knights of the Golden Calf shed no blood; that is, the wounds they deal bleed inwardly, and give no evidence of homicide. They are, too, great consumers of the marrow of men; and yet they break no bones, but by a trick known to their Order extract without fracture Mammon's nutriment. They are great alchemists, too; and turn the sweat of unrequited poverty, aye, the tears of childhood, into drops of gold.

Much wrong, much violence, much wayward cruelty—if the true history of knighthood were indicted—lies upon the Fleece, the Garter, yes, upon the Templars' Lamb;—yet all is but as Mayday pastime to the voracity, the ignorance, the wilful selfishness, the bestial lowings, of the Golden Calf. And of this Order, the oldest of the brotherhood are the most gluttonous. There is one whose every fibre is blasted with age. To the imagination his face is a coffin-plate. Yet is he all belly. As cruel as a cat, though toothless as a bird!

Oh, ye knights, great and small—whether expanding on the mart, or lying *perdu* in back parlors,—sing from your hearts the Order there, and feel for once the warmth of kindly blood! The brotherhood chuckle at the adjuration. Well, let us fight the Order with an Order. •

The Order of Poverty against the Order of the Golden Calf!

Will it not be a merry time, when men, with a blithe face and open look, shall confess that they are poor? When they shall be to the world what they are to themselves? When the lie, the shuffle, the bland, yet anxious, hypocrisy of seeming, and seeming only, shall be a creed forsworn? When Poverty asserts itself, and never blushes and stammers at its true name, the Knights of the Calf must give ground. Much of their strength, their poor renown, their miserable glory, lies in the hypocrisy of those who would imitate them. They believe themselves great, because the poor, in the very ignorance of the dignity of poverty, would ape their magnificence.

The Order of Poverty! How many sub-orders might it embrace! As the spirit of Gothic chivalry has its fraternities, so might the Order of Poverty have its distinct devices.

The Order of the Thistle! That is an order for nobility—a glory to glorify marquise or earldom. Can we not, under the rule of Poverty, find as happy a badge?

Look at this peasant. His face bronzed with mid-day toil. From sunrise to sunset, with cheerful looks and uncomplaining words, he turns the primal curse to dignity, and manfully earns his bread in the sweat of his brow. Look at the fields around! Golden with blessed corn. Look at this bloodless soldier of the plough—this hero of the sickle. His triumphs are there, piled up in bread-bestowing sheaves. Is he not Sir Knight of the Wheat-Ear? Surely as truly dubbed in the heraldry of justice, as any Knight of the Thistle.

And here is a white-haired shepherd. As a boy, a child, playful as the lambs he tended, he labored. He has dreamed away his life upon a hill-side—on downs—on solitary heaths. The humble, simple, patient watcher for fellow-men. Solitude has been his companion: he has grown old, wrinkled, bent in the eye of the burning sun. His highest wisdom is a guess at the coming weather: he may have heard of diamonds, but he knows the evening star. He has never sat at a congress of kings: he has never helped to commit a felony upon a whole nation. Yet is he, to our mind, a most reverend Knight of the Fleece. If the Herald object to this, let us call him Knight of the Lamb! In its gentleness and patience, a fitting type of the poor old shepherd.

And here is a pauper, missioned from the workhouse to break stones at the road-side. How he strikes and strikes at that unyielding bit of flint! Is it not the stony heart of the world's injustice knocked at by poverty? What haggardness is in his face! What a blight hangs about him! There are more years in his looks than in his bones. Time has marked him with an iron pen. He wailed as a babe for bread his father was not allowed to earn. He can recollect every dinner—they were so few—of his childhood. He grew up, and want was with him, even as his shadow. He has shivered with cold—fainted with hunger. His every day life has been set about by goading wretchedness. Around him, too, were the stores of plenty. Food, raiment, and money mocked the man made half-mad with

destitution. Yet, with a valorous heart, a proud conquest of the shuddering spirit, he walked with honesty and starved. His long journey of life has been through thorny places, and now he sits upon a pile of stones on the way-side, breaking them for workhouse bread. Could loftiest chivalry show greater heroism—nobler self-control, than this old man, this weary breaker of flints? Shall he not be of the Order of Poverty? Is not penury to him even as a robe of honor? His gray workhouse coat braver than purple and miniver? He shall be Knight of the Granite if you will. A workhouse gem, indeed—a wretched, highway jewel—yet, to the eye of truth, finer than many a ducal diamond.

This man is a weaver; this a potter. Here, too, is a razor-grinder; here an iron-worker. Labor is their lot; labor they yearn for, though to some of them labor comes with miserable disease and early death. Have we not here Knights of the Shuttle, Knights of Clay, and Knights of Vulcan, who prepare the carcase of the giant engine for its vital flood of steam? Are not these among the noblest of the sons of poverty? Shall they not take high rank in its order?

We are at the mouth of a mine. There, many, many fathoms below us, works the naked, grimed, and sweating wretch, oppressed, brutalized, that he may dig us coal for our winter's hearth; where we may gather round, and with filled bellies, wellclothed backs, and hearts all lapped in self-complacency, talk of the talked-of evils of the world, as though they were the fables of ill-natured men, and not the verities of bleeding life. That these men, doing the foulest offices of the world should still be of the world's poorest, gives dignity to want—the glory of long-suffering to poverty.

And so, indeed, in the mind of wisdom, is poverty ennobled. And for the Knights of the Golden Calf, how are they outnumbered! Let us, then, revive the Order of Poverty. Ponder, Reader, on its antiquity. For was not Christ himself Chancellor of the Order, and the Apostles Knights Companions?

THE PLANTER.

A WEST INDIAN STORY.

FIFTY—sixty—seventy (any given number of) years ago, the West Indies were not as they are now, in these days of purity. Then, Lord Dunderhead was Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Mr. Bribely was his secretary. The pains which the former took with his department were prodigious. It was his estate. He had the same care for it, was as jealous of it, and farmed it out precisely in the same manner as a landlord does his acres. John Pitchfork was not, indeed, landlord of Thistledown Farm: but General Gubbins, grown gray in the service (by walking daily from the Horse Guards to Bond Street), was appointed Governor of Demerara or Berbice;—or Sergeant Kiteley was appointed Judge;—and each duly rendered to the "noble Secretary," in the shape of rent, two-thirds of the supposed

profits of his appointment. And as Lord Dun-
derhead mulcted the Governors and Judges, so did
Mr. Bribely fleece the underlings;—and as the
Governors and Judges paid for their dignities, so
did they make the most of them. Imprisonment,
flogging, fining, favoring, delaying,—these were
the methods of collecting the revenue; these,
too, were the weapons with which their “Arro-
gances” in black and scarlet, tamed down the
spirit of their subjects, and widened the space
between the colony and Great Britain.

The colonists, themselves, were not what they
are at present; that is to say, they were not then
meek, modest, humane, temperate, independent
people and lovers of liberty:—on the contrary,
they were boastful, and loved Scheidam
and pine-apple rum, worshipped their superiors
in station, and despised everybody below them-
selves. Thus the newly imported Englishers
held the regular colonists in utter contempt; the
colonists (a white race) requited themselves, by
contemning the mustees and quadroons: these
last, on their parts, heartily despised the half-
caste: who, in turn, transmitted the scorn on to
the heads of the downright blacks. Whom the
blacks despised, I never could learn; but proba-
bly all the rest: and, in fact, they seem to have
had ample cause for so doing, unless the base,
beggarly, and cruel vanity imputed to their “su-
periors,” be at once a libel and a fable.

Such was the state of things in the colony of
Demerara, in the year 17—, when a young Eng-
lishman went there, in order to inspect his newly
acquired property. His name was John Vivian.
He came of a tolerably good family in —shire;
possessed (without being at all handsome) a dark,
keen, intelligent countenance; and derived, from
his father, a small farm in his own county, a
strong constitution, and a resolute, invincible
spirit. Perhaps he had too much obstinacy of
character—perhaps, also, an intrepidity of man-
ner, and carelessness of established forms, which
would have been unsuitable to society as now
constituted. All this we will not presume to de-
termine. We do not wish to extenuate his faults,
of which he had as handsome a share as usually
falls to the lot of young gentlemen who are un-
der no control, though not altogether of precisely
the same character. In requital for these de-
fects, however, he was a man of firm mind, of a
generous spirit, and would face danger, and stand
up against oppression, as readily on behalf of
others as of himself; and, at the bottom of all,
though it had lain hid from his birth, (like some
of those antediluvian fossils which perplex our
geologists and antiquaries) he had a tenderness
and delicacy of feeling, which must not be passed
by without, at least, *our* humble commendation.

Exactly eight weeks from the day of his step-
ping on board the good ship, “Wager,” at Bris-
tol, Vivian found himself standing on the shore
of the river Demerara, and in front of its capital,
Stabroek. In that interval, he had been tossed
on the wild waters of the Atlantic—had passed
from woollens to nankeens—from English cold
to tropic heat—and now stood eyeing the curious
groups which distinguish our colonies, where
creatures of every shade, from absolute sable to
pallid white, may be seen—for the trouble only
of a journey.

But we have a letter of our hero's on this sub-
ject, written to a friend in England, on his land-
ing, which we will unfold for the reader's benefit.
Considering that the writer had the range of foola-
cap before him, and was transmitting news from
the torrid to the temperate zone, it may, at least,
lay claim to the virtue of brevity. Thus it runs:

“To Richard Clinton, Esq., &c. &c., Middle
Temple, London, England.

“Well, Dick,—Here am I, thy friend, John
Vivian, safely arrived at the country of cotton
and tobacco. Six months ago, I would have ven-
tured a grosschen that nothing on this base earth
could have tempted me to leave foggy England:
but the unknelling a knave was a temptation
not to be resisted; and accordingly I am here, as
you see.

“Since I shook your hand at Bristol, I have
seen somewhat of the world. The Cove of Cork
—the Madeiras—the Peak of Teneriffe—the fly-
ing fish—the nautilus—the golden-finned dorado
—the deep blue seas—and the tropic skies—are
matters which some would explain to you in a
chapter. But I have not the pen of a ready writ-
ter; so you must be content with a simple enu-
meration.

“My voyage was, like all voyages, destesta-
ble. I began with seasickness and piercing
winds—I ended with head-ache and languor, and
weather to which your English dog-days are a
jest. The burning, blazing heat was so terrific,
that I had well nigh oozed away into a sea-god.
Nothing but the valiant army of bottles which
your care provided could have saved me. My
mouth was wide open, like the seams of our
vessel; but, unlike them, it would not be content
with water. I poured in draught after draught
of the brave liquor. I drank deep healths to
you and other friends; till, at last, the devil, who
broils Europeans in these parts, took to his wings
and fled. Thus it was, Clinton, that I arrived
finally at Demerara.

“But now comes your question of ‘What sort
of a place is this same Demerara?’ P’faith, Dick,
’tis flat enough. The run up the river is, indeed,
pretty; and there are trees enough to satisfy even
your umbrageous-loving taste. It is, in truth,
land of woods—at least, on one side; and you
may roam among orange and lemon trees, and
guavas and mangoes, amidst aloes and cocoa-nut
and cotton and mahogany trees, till you would
wish yourself once more on a Lancashire moor.
Stabroek, our capital, is a place where the houses
are built of wood; where melons, and oranges,
and pine-apples grow as wild as thyself, Dick;
and where black, brown, white, and whitey-
brown people, sangaree and cigars, abound. Of
all these marvels I shall know more shortly. I
lodge here at the house of a Dutch planter, where
you must address me under my traveling cogno-
men. John Vivian is extinct for a season; but
your letter will find me, if it be addressed to ‘Mr.
John Vernon, to the care of Mynheer Schlachen-
bruchen, merchant, in Demerara.’ That respect-
able individual would die the death of shame,
did he know that he held the great ‘proprietor,’
Vivian, in his garret. At present, I am nothing
more than a poor protegee of Messrs. Greffulhe,
come out to the hot latitudes for the sake of
health and employment.

"You shall hear from me again speedily: in the mean time write to me at length. This letter is a preface merely to the innumerable number of good things which I design to scribble for your especial instruction and amusement. It bears for you only a certificate of my safe arrival, and the assurance that I am, as ever, your true friend,

"VIVIAN."

Vivian was, in truth, tolerably pleased with the banks of the river, fringed as it was with trees, and spotted with cottages; but when he actually trod upon the ground of the New World, and found himself amidst a crowd of black and tawny faces—amidst hats like umbrellas, parquets, and birds of every color of the rainbow, and children, almost as various, plunging in and out of the river like water-dogs or mud-larks—he could not conceal his admiration, but laughed outright.

He was not left long to his contemplations, however; for the seaport of a West Indian colony has as many volunteers of all sorts as Dublin itself. A score of blacks were ready to assist him with his luggage, and at least a dozen of free negroes and mulattoes had baskets of the best fruit in the world. He might have had a wheelbarrowful for sixpence, and the aid of a dozen Samboes for an insignificant compliment in copper. Neglecting these advantages, Vivian made the best of his way to the house of the Mynheer Schlachenbruchen, the Fleming, which was well known to all the clamorous rogues on the quay. The merchant was not at home; having retired, as usual, to sleep at his plantation house, a few miles from town. Our hero, however, was received, with slow and formal respect, by his principal clerk, Hans Wassel, a strange figure, somewhat in the shape of a cone, that had originally sprung up (and almost struck root) somewhere near Ghent or Bruges. Holding Vivian's credentials at arm's length, this "shape" proceeded to decypher the address of the letter through an enormous pair of iron spectacles. In due time he appeared to detect the hand-writing of the London correspondent; for he breathed out, "Aw! Mynheer Franz Grefülhe!" and proceeded to open a seal as big as a saucer, and investigate the contents. These were evidently satisfactory; for he put on a look of benevolence, and welcomed the new-comer (who was announced as Mr. Vernon) to Stabroek. "You will take a schnap?" inquired he, with a look which anticipated an affirmation. "As soon as you please," replied Vivian; to which the other retorted with another "Aw!" and left the room with something approaching to alertness, in order to give the necessary orders.

The ordinary domestics of the Fleming were much more rapid in their movements; for Vivian had scarcely time to look round and admire the neatness of the room, when a clatter at the door compelled him to turn his eyes to that quarter. He saw a lively-looking black come in, with a large pipe of curious construction and a leaden box containing tobacco, followed close by his comate Sambo, (another "nigritude,") who bore, in both hands, a huge glass, almost as big as a punch-bowl, filled to the brim with true Nantz, tempered, but not injured, by a small portion of water. Sambo appeared justly proud of his bur-

den, which he placed on the table in its original state of integrity; for, after looking for a moment lovingly at the liquid, he turned round to Vivian, and said, exultingly, "Dear massa!"

But we will not detain the reader with any detail of our hero's movements on his arrival in the colony, excepting one or two, which have direct reference to our present narrative. He was introduced to Mynheer Schlachenbruchen and his wife, each of whom, were our limits larger, might fairly lay claim to commemoration. As it is, we must pass them by, and content ourselves with stating the fact of their (the merchant, at all events) treating Vivian with more consideration than his ostensible rank demanded, and introducing him to their acquaintance. The person, however, into whose society Vivian was more especially thrown, was a young girl, who performed the offices of governess, &c. &c. in the house of the Mynheer Schlachenbruchen. The visitors of the family avoided her, as though she had the plague, (even the Mynheer himself preserved a distance); and the consequence was, that Vivian—himself rather looked down upon by the colonial aristocracy—felt himself drawn nearer to the friendless girl, and assiduously cultivated her good opinion.

This, however, was not a thing to be easily attained. Sophie Halstein (for that was her name) had few of the qualities commonly ascribed to thriving governesses: she was, indeed, an acute-minded and even accomplished girl; but she was as little supple, demure, or humble, as Vivian himself. In fact, she received our hero's advances with indifferent cordiality at first; but the magic of sincerity will win its way; and they accordingly, at last, became excellent friends. The thing which surprised our hero the most was—how it was possible for the dull, gross, unenlightened blockheads of the colony to feel, or even affect, a disdain for one who was evidently so much their superior. At last, the truth came upon him; She was the child of—a *quadroon*! She was lovely, graceful, virtuous, intellectual, accomplished, modest,—a model for women; but she had a particle—(scarcely apparent, indeed, but still there *was* a particle or two)—a few drops of blood of a warmer tinge than what loiters through the pallid cheeks of a European: and hence she was visited by universal contempt.

"Ten thousand curses light on their narrow souls!" was Vivian's first exclamation. "She shall be my friend, my—my—sister. The senseless brutal wretches!—they little think that, under the mask of Vernon, the wealthiest of their tribe is among them, and that he respects the little Pariah beyond the whole of their swollen and beggarly race." A very short time was sufficient for him to form a determination to rescue the object of his admiration from her painful state of servitude. Not being accustomed, however, to deal with the delicacy of ladies, he plunged at once into the matter, with headlong rashness.

"You are badly off, Miss Halstein?" said Vivian to her, one morning, in his very blunted tone.

"I do not complain, sir," replied she, coldly. "I am sorry for you," said he, hesitatingly, "and would help you."

"Spare your pity," returned the lady; "we

have neither of us much to thank Fortune for. Yet you are content, or seem so; and so also can I be. We will talk on another subject."

"S'death! exclaimed the other, recollecting his incognito: "I had forgot. Pardon me—I was a fool. You will think me mad, with my offers of help, and my show of pity; but it is not so: I am sane enough, and some of these days you shall confess it. Come, will you not go with us up the river? We are to run up almost as far as the Sandhills to-morrow, to visit the Reynestein estate and the Palm-Groves, which belong to the rich Englishman, Vivian. Perhaps you were never there?"

"I was born there," was the reply; and it was somewhat tremulously uttered.

"Ha! then you will be delighted to visit the spyt, no doubt. Did you know the late proprietor?"

"Too well," said she; "he was—a villain."

"How, madam?" Vivian was forgetting himself again, at this attack on his uncle's memory: but he hastened to recover. "I mean the *last* owner," he resumed, "whose name was, I think,—Morson."

"I knew him, sir; and, as I have said, too well. Do you know by what luck it was that he obtained the Palm-Groves?" "No?" "Then I will tell you, sir. His predecessor was a careless, easy, and very old man. By a series of unforeseen reverses, by the failure of correspondents, and the roguery of friends, he became involved at last. All that he wanted, however, was a little money for present exigencies; with that, and a course of economy for a few years, he might have retrieved his broken fortunes. His most intimate friend and neighbor was this Morson. Who, then, was more likely than he to help him with a loan of money? He was rich and childless; but the old planter, whom I have spoken of, had one single child—a girl. Pity, therefore, as well as friendship, might move Morson to aid in his extremity. And he *did* aid him—at least he lent him money, at the instigation of his manager—"

"Seyton?" asked Vivian, interrupting her.

"Yes, Seyton," replied she, "who coveted the old planter's daughter for a wife, and who thought that, if the parent were ruined, his child would be glad of any refuge. He dreamed that she, who had interfered often between him and his victims, would forget all her old abhorrence, and unite her fate with that of the most barbarous tyrant that ever disgraced even a West Indian colony. Well, sir,—to end this tedious story—"

"It is most interesting to me," said Vivian—"deeply, deeply interesting;" and his glowing eyes and earnest attention were sufficient proofs that he spoke truly.

"Well, sir,—the end was, that Morson advanced the money; that Seyton intrigued with the slaves, and caused many of them to revolt and run away into the woods; and that the poor old man fell from trouble into want, and from want into absolute despair. His plantations were useless; his crops perished on the ground, for want of slaves; his mills and buildings were burnt by unknown hands; and finally, his hard and avaricious creditor, the relentless Morson,

came upon him, and took possession of all his estates, for a debt amounting to one-sixth of their value. The old man"—Miss Halstein's voice shook at this part, and betrayed great agitation,—"The old man soon afterward died, and his only child was cast upon the world to earn her bitter bread.—This is all, sir. I have given you the history of one-half of Mr. Vivian's property; perhaps the other" (she spoke this with some acrimony) "is held upon a similar tenure."

"God forbid!" said Vivian. "But Seyton?—Did he urge his suit?"

"He did, and was refused. And therefore it is (for he is a bad and revengeful man) that I am fearful of coming upon an estate of which he is essentially, the master. In the absence of Mr. Vivian, his power is uncontrolled; and there is no knowing what claim he might urge against me. He once hinted that I was born a slave on the Palm-Grove estate, and, as such, belonged to his master—I, who am the only daughter of Wilhelm Halstein, to whom all, but a few years ago, belonged."

"You," exclaimed our hero, "Are *you* the person whom Vivian intercepts? He shall do it no more. Rest content, Miss Halstein, Vivian is not the man to injure any one, and least of all yourself. Go with us to-morrow—I beg, I pray that you will. I pledge my honor—my soul, that you shall not be a sufferer."

The lady still refused, however, and it was not till the old merchant (Schlachenburchen, to whom Vivian had spoken in the meantime) had also given his solemn promise to protect her, that she consented to go. She was a little surprised, indeed, at Vivian's urging the matter so vehemently, but as the merchant seconded his requests, she could not continue to refuse.

A row up the river Demerara, past Diamond Point, to the Sandhills, need not call for any particular description. We will suppose that the party had arrived at the Palm-Grove estate, which the merchant (authorized by a power transmitted by Vivian from England) had come to overlook.

The party were introduced to Seyton, a ferocious looking man, of middle age, who, with a mixture of self consequence and ambiguous civility, welcomed the merchant and his companions. He took no notice of Vivian, indeed, but when he saw Miss Halstein (who leant on our hero's arm) his eyes sparkled and his lip curled, and turning to the merchant, he said hastily, "Before you leave the estate, there is a point of some consequence that I must take leave to mention, respecting this young person:" and he touched her, as he spoke, with the point of the cane that he carried in his hand.

"Stand off, fellow!" said Vivian, angrily, "another touch, or another insolent word, and I will lay you at my feet."

The other started, and examined our hero's appearance, cautiously and sullenly. He saw nothing, however, except an athletic figure and a resolute countenance, and retreated from collision with so formidable an opponent. He did not, however, retreat from his demand.

"Observe, Mynheer," said he, addressing the merchant once more—"I speak as the agent only of Mr. Vivian. This—gentleman will scarcely

blame me for insisting on the rights of my principal."

"By no means—by no means," replied the merchant. "All in good time. We will talk of that, presently. In the mean time, we will look at the balances. After that, we will ask what your larder contains; and then—for the rights you speak of. Eh, Mr. Vernon—is not that the way?"

"Certainly, certainly," said Vivian. "Miss Halstein will leave all to you: I am quite sure that she may do so safely."

Two or three hours were sufficient to overlook the accounts, and to dispose of the refreshments, which were offered with some degree of parade to the visitors, at the expense of the estate. Vivian ate heartily, and without scruple, of the produce of his own property; and everything unpleasant seemed forgotten, except by Miss Halstein, when the party (which had been augmented, as agreed upon, by the arrival of the Syndic, from Stabroek) prepared to go.

"Now," said Seyton, "I must once more draw your attention to my demand. I claim this—lady, if you will,—as a slave. She was born on the estate, has never been made free, and belongs of right to my principal, Vivian."

"Bah! man," exclaimed the merchant; "I thought all that was past. Surely, good wine and excellent Nantz must have washed all such bad thoughts out of your head. Come, let us go. Sophie, girl, take hold of Mr. Vernon's arm, and—"

"By your leave, it must not be so," said Seyton, imperatively. He rang the bell, and eight or ten black slaves appeared. "You are at liberty to go, gentlemen; but the lady remains with me. Have I not the law with me?" added he, addressing the Syndic.

The officer assented, adding, however, that all depended on the will of Vivian. The lady might, indeed, be entitled to her liberty; but until she proved her freedom, she must remain the property of the planter.

"That is sufficient," said Seyton, "I am Vivian's representative."

"Then I am lost," exclaimed Sophie.

"Pardon me," replied the Syndic, "Mr. Seyton is superseded. Mynheer, here, has the power of appointing a manager over this property. Besides which, Mr. Vivian himself has arrived at Stabroek—"

"Ha!"—said Seyton, "then no time is to be lost. Superseded or not, Mr. Vivian shall not lose his property. Do your duty, fellows," added he, addressing the slaves. "Seize upon that woman, in the name of your master, Vivian."

"Back, I say," said our hero, pulling out a brace of pistols, and pointing them toward the advancing negroes. "Back, men, and be wise. And you, Mr. Manager, or whatever you are,—take heed how you overstep your duty. Know, Sirrah, that your master does not think your false accounts the worst part of your bad history. Your cruelty to these poor slaves beneath you, has come to his ears; and for that he dismisses you his service. For your impudent and unfounded claim upon this lady, whom your master loves—

"What!" exclaimed Sophie: but the merchant restrained her surprise.

"Whom your master loves, woos, and whom—if heaven is propitious (he says this doubtfully and humbly) he will win—For *this* atrocious insult there is no punishment great enough. Yet if any attempt be made upon her, you shall at least be chastised to your heart's content. Be satisfied that I do not jest, and remain quiet."

"We are all armed, Mr. Seyton," said the merchant; "you had better let us depart quietly."

"She shall not go," replied Seyton, foaming with rage. "Once more seize upon her, men: seize upon her for your master, Vivian. Till he comes, I will obey at least."

"*He is here!*" said Vivian, rushing between Sophie and her adversaries—"He is here: he overlooks you, and will punish you. Look, slaves, I AM Vivian,—*your master!* Obey me, as you value the liberty which every man on my estate shall have if he deserve it."

"What he says is true. This is, indeed, Mr. Vivian," said the merchant;—and the Syndic corroborated his tale. All was quiet in an instant. Yet Sophie Halstein still looked overcome. "What is this?" inquired the merchant: "You ought to be rejoiced."

"I am," she replied. "But,—Mr. Vivian, you have something to forget. Can you forgive me?"

"I cannot," answered Vivian; "unless with the Palm-Groves, (which from this moment is all your own,) you take an incumbrance with it."

"And that is—?" said Miss Halstein, inquiringly.

"It is *myself*, Sophie," replied Vivian, tenderly. "Prithee, be generous; and think what a way I have wandered from home. Take pity on me; and give me shelter with you at the Palm-Groves."

"We will talk of this hereafter," said Miss Halstein gently, and dropping her eyes upon the ground.

"What a strange lover he is!" whispered the Syndic to the merchant.

"That is true enough," answered the other. "Yet would I wager a grosschen that he succeeds. He is a fine, intrepid, persevering young fellow; and such men seldom fail in any thing that they set their hearts upon."

—The old merchant was a true prophet. For before three months had elapsed, the pretty Sophie became lawful mistress of the heart and household of Vivian. The Reynestein flourished; but the Palm-Groves became their home. In the course of time, the blacks on their estates were enabled, in pursuance of a system equally wise and generous, to emerge from the condition of bondmen; but they still remained as cultivators, attracted equally by kind treatment, and an equitable share of the profits of their labors.

"After all,—the greatest pleasure in the world," said Vivian, one day to his wife, "is *conferring* pleasure; and the greatest pleasure which one can confer, is to give *Freedom* to one's fellow-men."

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WHY is a lever a good thing for a gentleman to shave with? Because it is a *raiser*.



## TO ONE REMEMBERED.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

My charming Kate!

(Let me at least in fancy call thee mine,  
And taste, though dreamingly, a bliss divine!)  
Sad is my fate  
That I can not thy violet eyes behold,  
Or the bright waving of thy locks of gold.

My pathway lies—

How distant, lovely Katharine, from thine own!  
Far in the zenith of the sapphire zone,  
Queen of the skies,  
Thy star is set, and I my lonely sphere  
Keep in the nadir, through the circling year.

I saw thy smile

But once—yet oh! that once in memory glows,  
Like some rose-colored flame mid desert snows,  
Or some green isle  
Among the billows, which the seaman hails  
When, lost and tost, he trims his shattered sails.

A maiden still,

Pore through the world in solitary pride  
Thou movest, Katharine, like a heavenly bride!  
So flows a rill,  
Born in a mountain region, clear and free,  
From its small fountain to the eternal sea.

My very name

I scarce can hope that thou may'st call to mind,  
More than the rustling of last summer's wind—  
I cannot claim  
One of thy gentle thoughts, nor beg of fate  
To yield me one faint sigh of charming Kate.

But yet at times

Through my heart's chords remembered voices breathe  
And make Æolian music, and I wreath  
Some wilding rhymes,  
With pious hand to garland beauty's shrine—  
And this the offering I lay on thine!

ALBION.

## BONAPARTE AT MISS FROUNCE'S SCHOOL.

BY G. A. A'BECKETT.

THE mind of infancy is said to resemble wax, and certainly, from its excessive softness, there is reason in the simile. The impressions made upon children by public events are very curious, and warrant us in looking back upon boyhood as one of the very greenest spots of our existence. In the following chapter will be found a few Juvenile Reminiscences of the War with France and Bonaparte.

During the very stirring events that were taking place on the Continent of Europe in the early part of the present century, my father, who was a respectable attorney, thought it prudent to place me at a preparatory school near Kensington. While Pitt was boldly contending against the revolutionary mania of France, I was engaged in a laborious contest with the difficulties of Lindley Murray. It was almost on the very day of Badajoz being taken, that I succeeded in mastering the last chapter of the Mother's Catechism; and the same post that brought news of Wellington having forced the enemy's lines, and secured

his colors, gave intelligence of my having carried off the silver pen in triumph, as a prize for writing against my schoolfellows.

While Napoleon Bonaparte was taking lessons in the art of war, I was struggling in an establishment for "young gentlemen from three to eight," against being drenched from the Pierian spring, whose water is laid on to the youthful mind at the rate of about thirty guineas *per annum*. When the illustrious Wellington forced the enemy to lay down his arms, I had surrendered the customary spoon, fork, and six towels into the hands of my schoolmistress. I have no doubt the warlike character of the times in which she lived had impressed itself on her nature, for she was greatly addicted to the system of flogging, which is one of the necessary features of a military era. Often has the word been given to "march up" into the bed-room of the lady who presided over the school, and frequently have I obeyed the summons, when the birch, or a busk from the stays of my instructress, has expiated some piece of juvenile delinquency. In vain were the words "I will be good," reiterated amid screams and tears; for, until the avenging rod or the vindicatory whalebone—as the case might be—had done its office, it was hopeless to try to stay the hand of Miss Frounce, who took in young gentlemen from three to eight—and, ten to one, took in their parents also.

But while I am dwelling on the memory of the proceedings in the Hammersmith Road, I am forgetting the stirring events that were taking place on the Continent. Bonaparte had just escaped from Elba, and Miss Frounce, like an admirable politician, took advantage of this important event to overawe the "young gentlemen from three to eight" who were under her guidance. On all occasions Bonaparte was held up as the great bugbear, and there was not a boy in the school who was not firmly convinced that Miss Frounce had Napoleon under her thumb—that, in fact, if any of "the young gentlemen" should prove refractory, Miss Frounce had it in her power to send for Bony with as much facility as she could order the sweeps of the dustman. If a boy, when spelling, knocked an *i* out of the word annihilate, he was threatened with being handed over to the tender mercies of Bonaparte; and every one of the pupils of Miss Frounce felt assured that, if Napoleon invaded England, he would knock at the door of the "establishment for young gentlemen from three to eight" the very morning after his arrival.

Whatever might have been his feeling of hostility toward the Prince of Wales, or the members of the cabinet, my firm conviction was, that Master Snodgrass, who had been turned back in grammar, had much more to apprehend from Napoleon than the Regent and the ministers. Sometimes have I contemplated the possibility of hiding in case of the dreaded visit; but then it has flashed upon my juvenile mind that Bonaparte was not to be baffled, and that he would inevitably look under all the beds in the house, rather than be foiled in the vengeance which the "young gentlemen from three to eight" were convinced inspired him.

Never shall I forget the panic that seized on "all the boys" when the fact was announced that

a leg of mutton had been stolen from the larder. Who could be the thief? Why, of course, nobody but Bonaparte. Miss Frounce, wishing to enhance the intimidating reputation of her great bugbear, favored the idea, and the whole of the "young gentlemen from three to eight," were under the firm impression that Bonaparte had landed in England during the night, secured the leg of mutton, and retreated before daylight into the bosom of his own army.

Such impressions as those I have related are strange and absurd; but there are many now living who, if they happened, during the time of the Bonaparte panic, to be inmates of a preparatory school for "young gentlemen from three to eight," will recognise the fidelity of the feelings I have described.

I never ate the lollipop which went by the name of his ribs, without being awed by a sort of unaccountable fear that Bonaparte might yet break from his captivity, and pay me off personally for the indignity offered him in purchasing a hap'orth of his anatomy, and sucking it, like Tom Trot or Everton Toffe.

### THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

BY PRATT.

A FAVORITE dog, belonging to an English nobleman, had fallen into disgrace, from an incorrigible habit of annoying the flocks of the neighboring farmers. One of these having, in vain, driven the depredator from his premises, came at length to the offender's master, with a dead lamb under his arm, the victim of the last night's plunder. The nobleman being extremely angry at the dog's transgression, rang the bell for his servant, and ordered him to be immediately hanged, or some other way disposed of, so that, on his return from a journey he was about to undertake, he might never see him again. He then left the apartment, and the fate of the dog was for a few hours suspended. The interval, though short, was not thrown away. The condemned animal was sufficiently an adept in the tones of his master's voice, not to believe there was any hope left for a reversion of his sentence. He therefore adopted the only alternative between life and death, by making his escape. In the course of the evening, while the same servant was waiting at table, his lordship demanded if his order had been obeyed respecting the dog. "After an hour's search, he is no where to be found, my lord," replied the servant. The rest of the domestics were questioned, and their answers similar. The general conclusion for some days was, that the dog, conscious of being in disgrace, had hid himself in the house of a tenant, or some other person who knew him. A month, however, passed without any thing being heard respecting him; it was therefore thought he had fallen into the hands of his late accuser, the farmer, and hanged for his transgressions.

About a year after, while his lordship was journeying into Scotland, attended only by one servant, a severe storm drove him to shelter under a hovel belonging to a public house, situated at

some distance from the road, upon a heath. The tempest continuing, threatening rather to increase than abate, the night coming on, and no house suitable to the accommodation of such a guest, his lordship was at length induced to dismount, and go into the little inn adjoining the shed. On his entrance, an air of surprize and consternation marked the features and conduct of both the innholder and his wife. Confused and incoherent answers were made to common questions; and soon after, a whispering took place between the two fore-mentioned persons. At length, however, the guest was shown into a small parlor, a faggot was thrown on the fire, and such refreshments as the house afforded, were preparing, there being no appearance whatever of more favorable weather allowing them to depart.

As the servant maid was spreading the cloth, a visible tremor shook her frame, so that it was not without difficulty she performed her office. His lordship noticed a certain strangeness of the whole groupe, but remembering to have heard his servant mention the words, "my lord," as he alighted from his horse, he naturally imputed this to their having unexpectedly a guest in their house above the rank of those whom they were accustomed to entertain. The awkwardness of intended respect in such cases, and from such persons, will often produce these embarrassments. His lordship having now made up his mind to remain that night, supper was served; when a most unexpected visitor made his appearance—"Good heavens!" exclaimed his lordship, "is it possible I should find my poor dog alive, and in this place?—How wonderful!—how welcome!"—He stretched out his hand to caress his long lost favorite; but the dog, after looking earnestly at his ancient master, shrunk from him and kept aloof, and took the first opportunity of the door being opened to leave the room; but still took his station on the other side of the door, as if watching some expected event.

Of the dog's history, from the time of his elopement, little more resulted from inquiry, than that he had one day followed some drovers who came to refresh themselves and their cattle: and that, appearing to be foot-sore with travel, and unable to proceed with his companions, he staid in the house, and had remained there ever since. This account was obtained from the hostler, who added, he was as harmless a creature as any betwixt Scotland and Ireland. His lordship, intended to rise early in the morning, to make up the time thus sacrificed to the night, which was still stormy, ordered the servant to show him to his chamber. As he passed the common room which communicated with the parlor, he noticed the innkeeper and his wife in earnest discourse with three men, muffled up in horseman's coats, who seemed to have just come from buffeting the tempest, and not a little anxious to counteract its effects; for both the landlord and his wife were filling their glasses with spirits. His lordship, on going to his chamber, heard the maid and his own servant, heard a fierce growl, as from the top of the stairs. "Here is the dog again, my lord," exclaimed the servant.—"He is often cross and churlish to strangers," observed the maid, "yet he never bites." As they came nearer the door, his growl increased to a furious bark; but upon the maid's

speaking to him sharply, he suffered her to enter the chamber, and the servant stepped back to hold the light to his lord. On his old master's advancing toward the chamber, the dog drew back, and stood with a determined air of opposition, as if to guard the entrance. His lordship then called the dog by his name, and on repeating some terms of fondness, which, in past times, he had familiarly been accustomed to, he licked the hand from whose endearments he had so long been estranged.

But he still held firm to his purpose, and endeavored to oppose his master's passing to the chamber. Yet the servant was suffered, without further disputing the point, to go out; not, however, without another growl, though one rather of anger than resistance, and which accompanied her with increased fierceness all the way down stairs, which she descended with the same strange kind of hurry and confusion that had marked her behavior ever since his lordship's arrival. His lordship was prevented from dwelling long on this circumstance, by an attention to the dog, who, without being solicited farther, went a few paces from the threshold of the door, at which he kept guard; and after caressing his lordship, and using every gentle art of affectionate persuasion, (speech alone left out) went down one of the stairs, as if to persuade his master to accompany him. His lordship had his foot upon the threshold, when the dog caught the skirt of his coat between his teeth, and tugged it with great violence, yet with every token of love and terror; for he now appeared to partake of the general confusion of the family. The poor animal again renewed his fondling, rubbed his face softly along his master's side, sought the patting hand, raised his soliciting feet, and during these endearing ways she whined and trembled to a degree, that could not escape the attention both of the master and the servant.

"I should suspect," said his lordship, "where I apt to credit omens, from a connexion betwixt the deportment of the people of this inn, and the unaccountable solicitude of the dog, that there is something wrong about this house."—"I have long been of the same opinion," observed the servant, "and wish, your honor, we had been wet to the skin in proceeding, rather than to have stopped here."

"It is too late to talk of wishes," rejoined his lordship, "neither can we set off now, were I disposed; for the hurricane is more furious than ever. Let us, therefore, make the best of it. In what part of the house do you sleep?" "Close at the head of your lordship's bed," answered the domestic, "in a little closet, slipperside of a room by the stairs—there, my lord," added the servant, pointing to a small door on the right.

"Then go to bed—we are not wholly without means of defence, you know; and whichever of us shall be first alarmed, may apprize the other. At the same time, all this may be nothing more than the work of our own fancies."

The anxiety of the dog, during this conversation cannot be expressed. On the servant's leaving the room, the dog ran hastily to the door, as if in hopes his lordship would follow; and looked as if to entice him so to do. Upon his lordship's advancing a few steps, the vigilant crea-

ture leaped up with every sign of satisfaction; but when he found those steps were directed only to close the door, his dejection was depicted in a manner no less lively than had been his joy.

It was scarcely possible not to be impressed by those unaccountable circumstances, yet his lordship was almost ashamed of yielding to them; and finding all quiet, both above and below, except the noise of the wind and rain, and finding that no caresses could draw the dog from the part of the room he had chosen, his lordship made a bed for the poor fellow with one of the mats, and then sought repose himself. Neither the dog, however, nor the master, could rest. The former rose often, and paced about the room: sometimes he came close to the bed-curtains, and sometimes whined piteously, although the hand of reconciliation was put forth to soothe him. In the course of an hour after this, his lordship, wearied with conjectures, fell asleep; but he was soon aroused by his four-footed friend, whom he heard scratching violently at the closet-door; an action which was accompanied by the gnashing of the dog's teeth, intermixed with the most furious growlings. His lordship, who had laid himself down in his clothes, and literally resting on his arms—his brace of pistols being under his pillow—now sprung from the bed. The rain had ceased, and the wind abated, from which circumstances he hoped to hear better what was passing. But nothing, for an instant, appeased the rage of the dog, who finding his paws unable to force a passage into the closet, put his teeth to a small aperture at the bottom, and attempted to gnaw away the obstruction. There could be no longer a doubt that the cause of the mischief, or danger, whatsoever it might be, lay in that closet. Yet there appeared some risk in opening it; more particularly when, on trying to force the lock, it was found to be secured by some fastening on the inside. A knocking was now heard at the chamber door, through the key-hole of which, a voice exclaimed—"For God's sake, my lord, let me in." His lordship, knowing this to proceed from his servant, advanced armed, and admitted him. "All seems quiet, my lord, below stairs and above," said the man, "for I have never closed my eyes. For Heaven's sake! what can be the matter with the dog, to occasion such a dismal barking?" "That I am resolved to know," answered his lordship, furiously pushing the closet door. No sooner was it burst open, than the dog, with inconceivable rapidity, rushed in, and was followed both by the master and man. The candle had gone out in the bustle, and the extreme darkness of the night prevented them from seeing any object whatever. But a hustling sort of noise was heard at the farther end of the closet. His lordship then fired one of his pistols at random, by way of alarm. A piercing cry, ending in a loud groan, immediately came from the dog. "Great God!" exclaimed his lordship, "I have surely destroyed my defender." He ran out for a light, and snatched a candle from the innholder, who came in apparent consternation, as to inquire into the alarm of the family. Others of the house now entered the room; but without paying attention to their questions; his lordship ran toward the closet to look for his dog. "The door is open!—the door is open!"—ejacu-

lated the publican; "then all is over!" As his lordship was re-entering the closet, he was met by his servant, who, with every mark of almost speechless consternation in his voice and countenance, exclaimed, "Oh, my lord! my lord! I have seen such shocking sights!—and, without being able to finish his sentence, he sunk on the floor. Before his master could explore the cause of this, or succeed in raising up his fallen domestic, the poor dog came limping from the closet, while a blood-track marked his path. He gained, with great difficulty, the place where his lordship stood aghast and fell at his master's feet. Every demonstration of grief ensued; but the dog, unmindful of his wounds, kept his eyes still intent upon the closet door; and denoted that the whole of the mystery was not yet developed.

Seizing the other pistol from the servant, who had fallen into a swoon, his lordship now re-entered the closet. The wounded dog crawled after him; when, on examining every part, he perceived, in one corner, an opening into the inn-yard, by a kind of trap door, to which some broken steps descended. The dog seated himself on the steps; but there was nothing to be seen but a common sack. Nor was anything visible upon the floor, except some drops of blood, part of which were evidently those which had issued from the wound of the dog himself, and part must have been of long standing, as they were dried into the boards. His lordship went back into the bed-chamber, but the dog remained in the closet. On his return the dog met him, breathing hard, as if from violent exercise, and he followed his master into the chamber.

The state of the man-servant, upon whom fear had operated so as to continue him in a succession of swoons, now claimed his lordship's affections, and while those were administered, the dog again left the chamber. A short time after this, he was heard to bark aloud, then cry, accompanied by a noise, as if something heavy was drawn along the floor. On going once more into the closet, his lordship found the dog trying to bring forward the sack which had been seen lying on the steps near the trap door. The animal renewed his exertions at the sight of his master; but, again exhausted both by labor and loss of blood, he rested his head and his feet on the mouth of the sack.

Excited by this new mystery, his lordship now assisted the poor dog in his labor, and, though that labor was not light, curiosity, and the apprehension of discovering something extraordinary, on the part of his lordship, and unabating perseverance on that of the dog, to accomplish his purpose, gave them strength to bring at length the sack from the closet to the chamber. The servant was somewhat restored to himself, as the sack was dragged into the room, but every person, who in the beginning of the alarm had rushed into the apartment, had now disappeared.

The opening of the sack surpassed all that human language can convey of human horror.

As his lordship loosened the cord which fastened the sack's mouth, the dog fixed his eyes on it, stood over it with wild and trembling eagerness, as if ready to seize and devour the contents.

The contents appeared, and the extreme of horror was displayed. A human body, as if mur-

dered in bed, being covered only with a bloody shirt, and that clotted, and still damp, as if recently shed; the head severed from the shoulders, and the other members mangled and separated, so as to make the trunk and extremities lie in the sack, was now exposed to view.

The dog smelt the blood, and after surveying the corpse, looked piteously at his master, and licked his hand, as if grateful the mysterious murder was discovered.

It was proved, that a traveler had really been murdered two nights before his lordship's arrival at that haunt of infamy; and that the offence was committed in the very chamber, and probably in the very bed, wherein his lordship had slept; and which, but for the warnings of his faithful friend, must have been fatal to himself.

The maid-servant was an accomplice in the guilt; and the ruffian travelers, who were confederating with the inn-holder and his wife, were the murderers of the bloody remains that had been just emptied from the sack, whose intent it was to have buried them that night in a pit, which their guilty hands had dug in an adjacent field belonging to the inn-holder; whose intention it likewise was to have murdered the nobleman, which was providentially prevented by the wonderful sagacity of the dog. The inn-keeper and his wife were taken up, and punished according to their deserts; and the nobleman was so affected at his miraculous escape, that he bound up the wounds of the faithful dog with the greatest care, and the balms of love and friendship were infused. The master's hour of contrition was now come: he was sorry he had ever neglected so invaluable a friend; and, as the only peace-offering in his power, departed with his faithful companion from the house of blood, to that mansion he had formerly left in disgrace; where the caresses of a grateful family, and an uninterrupted state of tranquility, meliorated with every indulgence they could bestow, was regularly continued as long as he lived.

## MARGUERITE.

### A TALE OF FRANCE.

"Chers enfans, dansez, dansez!

Votre age

Echappe a l'orage,

Par l'espoir galement berces,

Dansez, chantez dansez!"—BERANGER.

"It is most wearisome, Ninon! I can never support the fatigue which, as Grande Dame du Village, you say, it is necessary; why, one fete has succeeded another, ever since I quitted Paris:—it is too much!"

"Madame went through a great deal more fatigue there," replied the waiting maid.

"Ay, true, Ninon; but it was fatigue of a different character. The marquis, during his life time, never thought it expedient that we should pass our summers at Salency: however, it is pleasant to see people happy—innocent and happy; and this fete, Ninon, was instituted by St. Médard, bishop of Noyon, for adjudging annually a crown of roses to the girl who should be acknowledged



by all her competitors as the most amiable, modest, and dutiful in the village: he had the pleasure of crowning his own sister as the first Rose Queen."

"Amiable, modest, and dutiful!" thought the attendant. "Ma foi! at Paris such qualities would be more likely to win a poor girl a crown of thorns!—What hour will madame command the ceremony?" she inquired.

"I shall be ready at whatever hour the pastor thinks best."

"Ah! madame is always good," observed the soubrette.

"And I shall not alter my dress, Ninon."

"Madame is always beautiful; but—"

"Well!" inquired the lady, "why do you look so dissatisfied?"

"If madame would approve of those hanging sleeves, with the laced bodice over the figured satin?"

"They are almost too fine for the occasion," observed her mistress.

"Pardon, madame! all the world will be here."

"Ah, well; I suppose I must honor La Rosière! Who is she?"

"Madame, she is called Marguerite, and is considered a beauty; but she wants tornure so much."

"Who are her parents?"

"Why, madame, I do not know. The villagers say," she added, smiling, "that she never had any."

"Poor child!" sighed the marchioness.

Ninon moved about the dressing-room of the rich lady of Salency; she folded and unfolded, locked and unlocked, arranged and disarranged, that she might have some excuse for arranging again; and yet she could not attract the attention of her mistress, who appeared completely absorbed by her own thoughts; seated in a magnificent chair, rich in antique carving, and velvet cushions, and heavy with bullion; the light, varied by the different tints of the glass through which it passed, flung its stripes of purple, red, and yellow, at her feet—a very carpet of sunbeams!—the air breathed was heavy to sickness, with perfume: she was the titled and uncontrolled mistress of an overflowing abundance; yet, there she sat, her white fingers clasped, one within the other, on her lap—her head thrown back—her beautiful features shaded, but not obscured, by the signs of widowhood, which but increased their power. Her eyes were fixed; yet they were full of thought and feeling: for, though the upturned lids remained unmoved, their color would deepen and expand; and once—but once—two glittering tears, that had hung heavily upon these jetty lashes, stole gently down her cheeks. She looked a gorgeous—but not a happy woman!

"Madame!" said Ninon, who had been absent from the room more than an hour, and, on returning, found her lady in the position she had left her. "Madame! will it please you dress?"

The marchioness, accustomed to the artificial pomp of town-made assemblies, was not at all prepared for the joy and harmony of the happy fête: the sunny air of sunny France—the smiles and blushes of the maidens appointed to attend their rural queen—the earnest and delighted aspect of the multitude—proud of La Rosière, and

proud of the national festival—the music—the consecration of the garland within the walls of the chapel of St. Médard—the enthusiasm of the people, when La Rosière reappeared in the open air, a crowned queen, without care or sorrow—all combined to create in the mind of the "great lady of Salency" sensations which she never before experienced. The peasantry of the neighborhood had been invited to partake of her bounty in the gardens of her chateau; and she was seated, after the termination of the ceremony, ready to receive them. The rose queen, followed by her attendants, and the venerable priest, advanced, to render the respect which her rank, beauty, and generosity demanded. Marguerite paused, as if afraid to approach too near: the marchioness rose to her, and, as the maiden bent before her, she raised, for a moment, the crown from her beautiful head, and cast her eyes to the earth, to conceal the emotions with which she struggled.

"Bless—bless you, dearest girl!" she murmured, dropping the coronet on her brows. "Bless you for ever!"

The night of that festival is talked of in Salency to this day. Early as the peasants of France usually seek repose, still early did the marchioness seek her chamber. Loudly did she ring her silver bell, but no one answered. Men and women were all at the festival, little expecting their lady would retire so early.

The sun flung his beams upon the tapestried walls, and the ancestors of that noble house looked down from their pictured monuments upon one who, till that day, had believed herself the last of her noble race. She had thrown open one of the casements of the great gallery, and stood opposite to the setting sun. Her eagle eyes undauntedly gazed upon his glory. She watched until all his rays appeared concentrated in one mighty ball of crimson fire and majestically descended the firmament, leaving its golden trail upon countless multitudes of clouds to tell where he had been;—she watched until those clouds paled in the soft night air, and then she rang again; but the echo of her bell was the only answer she received.

"I can support it no longer," she exclaimed. "I will seek the priest myself; he, doubtless, knows whatever is to be known of this mysterious girl."

It was the deep and holy hour of midnight; a lamp of the purest alabaster burned upon a golden table, but its light was so subdued, that you could see the soft moon shed its calm and silver rays upon the selfsame objects, which, a few hours before, had been burnished by the golden sun. The pastor of Salency was seated opposite the marchioness, but at that moment she looked neither proud nor gorgeous. She was weeping an abundance of heavy tears; her bosom heaved, and, at intervals, her sobs replied to the night breeze which sighed among the trees.

"There can be no doubt, good father," she said at last; "I felt the impulse, though I could not account for it. I knew my sister had a child; but whether it died with her, or lived, I could not tell. Father, I do hope for mercy; but I did not

render it. The case was this. Both my sister and myself—both loved St. Vallery: he loved well in return, *but it was not me*—he loved my sister Marguerite. She laughed at the ruin of my hopes and married him. May God forgive me; but, though six months after, I wedded a right noble husband, and a rich, while St. Vallery was but one of the poor soldiers of a blighted fortune, I envied and I hated that poor sister; for I loved him still. 'Tis my confession, father; I hope to expiate my crime. He died in youth and poverty, but not in shame. He was gallant, noble-hearted—even now I cannot think of him—"

Again she bent her head and wept; and the priest pondered on the strangeness of that love which, sinful as it was, outlived the glittering prosperity that often cankers the affections and eats up the heart by slow but sure degrees.

"My sister came, and clasped my knees, and prayed that I would give her food. She came alone; if she had brought his child, I should have forgotten it was *hers*. And then I laughed at her, as she had laughed at me—"

The pastor wondered, in his simplicity, how anything so beautiful could be so cruel.

"She died, you say, while passing through this village," continued the marchioness, "*his* parents lived, I heard, somewhere in Picardy."

"Yes," said the priest; "she arrived, fainting and footsore, at the cottage I told you of; and pressing her child to her bosom, slept—but woke no more. We knew not who she was; but all Salency loved the child. The relics, her husband's picture, (which poverty could not wrench from her,) were pressed upon her heart. You say you know the tokens I have shown you."

"All, all!" she answered; "and now I am not alone in this wide world. Let me send for her to-night, good sir—let me send for her to-night—she is mine! She shall be rich and happy, and so shall those who succored her. She will not know how I—"

Again she was obliged to suffer the sentence to remain unfinished; and the kind priest sympathised with that deep anguish which is born of sin.

"Oh! if you could but know how I have suffered!" she continued; "husbandless, childless; the wide and dismal feeling of being quite alone. Gold is a cold companion to the heart. I tried to fill up mine, as others do; but, when I looked into myself, there was an aching void. Do you think she will love me, Father—?"

There was a moisture in the good priest's eyes, and his lips trembled at the simple and natural question. The virtue and excellence of Marguerite had been declared; but she little dreamed, sweet girl, as she slept that night upon her cottage pillow, of the jeweled coronet that was to replace the flower-crown of La Rosière.

Good sense is the *body* of poetic genius, fancy its *drapery*, motion its *life*, and imagination the *soul* that is everywhere, and in each; and forms all into one graceful and intelligent whole.—COLE-RIDGE.

Our friend below we have missed for some time, and were about to put him down among the obit.'s, but we are agreeably disappointed in again hearing from him in the following strain of humor:

#### THE AWKWARD BEAU.

BY A. MORRELL.

SURE I am the most unlucky  
Man that ever yet was born;  
Wishing to be thought a buck, I  
Am unhappy, night or morn.  
Each attempt I make at shining  
With the belles is sure to fail,—  
Leaves me like some cur-dog whining,  
Cur-tail'd of his cur-ly tail.

There is not a day that passes,  
But I meet with some mishap,  
Which convinces all the lasses  
That I'm quite an awkward chap.  
When in company I meet them,  
Smilingly I try to win;  
Stepping back, with bow to greet them,  
Bump! my boot greets some one's shin.

Each is then my hand for taking,  
But to some I give my fist,—  
This one by the elbow shaking,  
That one by the thumb or wrist;  
Clever things to say, essaying,  
As around the room I go,  
Compliments to this one paying  
While I tread on that one's toe.

To be seated soon they press me;—  
Plump into the nearest chair  
I then throw myself—but, bless me!  
Madam's tabby's lying there!  
Up I jump, while puss is squalling  
At this sudden, strange mishap,  
And the matter mend by falling  
Right into an old maid's lap.

She starts backward in a flurry—  
"She ne'er touch'd a man before!"  
Down we tumble in a hurry  
In a heap upon the floor.  
Up I scramble, and assist her  
As politely as I can;  
All around I hear them whisper,  
"Gracious! what an awkward man!"

Tea is ready. "Miss, allow me;  
Take a slice of this cold roast?  
Here's a cracker—and a jelly—  
Here's a slice of butter toast."  
But the toast, instead of falling  
Where it ought,—O, sad mishap!  
Toast and butter—how appalling!  
Fall into the lady's lap!

Then the crying and the screaming,  
As the lady sees her plight;  
Greasy water from her streaming—  
Was there ever such a sight!  
Thus it is each day that passes—  
I do nothing "comme il faut,"  
Which convinces all the lasses  
That I'm quite an awkward beau.

New York, August 25, 1845.

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PRAISES of the unworthy are felt by ardent minds
as robberies of the deserving.

THE TRUE ENJOYMENT OF SPLENDOR.

A CHINESE APOLOGUE.

DOUBTLESS, said the illustrious Me, he that gaineth much possession hath need of the wrists of Hong and the seriousness of Shan-Fee, since palaces are not built with a tea-spoon, nor are to be kept by one who runneth after butterflies. But above all it is necessary that he who carrieth a great burden, whether of gold or silver, should hold his head as lowly as is necessary, lest on lifting it on high he bring his treasure to nought, and lose with the spectators the glory of true gravity, which is meekness.

Quo, who was the son of Quee, who was the son of Quee-Fong, who was the five hundred and fiftieth in lineal descent from the ever-to-be-remembered Fing, chief minister of the Emperor Yau, one day walked out into the streets of Peking in all the lustre of his rank. Quo, besides the greatness of his birth and the multitude of his accomplishments, was a courtier of the first order, and his pigtail was proportionate to his merits, for it hung down to the ground, and kissed the dust as it went with its bunch of artificial roses. Ten huge and sparkling rings, which encrusted his hands with diamonds, and almost rivaled the sun that struck on them, led the ravished eyes of the beholders to the more precious enormity of his nails, which were each an inch long, and by proper nibbing might have taught the barbarians of the West to look with just scorn on their many-writing machines. But even these were nothing to the precious stones that covered him from head to foot.

His bonnet, in which a peacock's feather was stuck in a most engaging manner, was surmounted by a sapphire of at least the size of a pigeon's egg; his shoulders and sides sustained a real burden of treasure; and as he was one of the handsomest men at court, being exceedingly corpulent, and, indeed, as his flatterers gave out, hardly able to walk, it may be imagined that he proceeded at no undignified pace. He would have ridden in his sedan, had he been lighter of body, but so much unaffected corpulence was not to be concealed, and he went on foot that nobody might suspect him of pretending to a dignity he did not possess. Behind him three servants attended, clad in the most gorgeous silks; the middle one held his umbrella over his head: he on the right bore a fan of ivory, whereon were carved the exploits of Whay-Quang; and he on the left sustained a purple bag on each arm, one containing opium and areca-nut, the other the ravishing preparation of Gin-Seng, which possesses the five relishes. All the servants looked the same way as their master, that is to say, straight forward, with their eyes majestically half-shut, only they cried every now and then with a loud voice,—"Vanish from before the illustrious Quo, favorite of the mighty Brother of the Sun and Moon."

Though the favorite looked neither to the right nor to the left, he could not but perceive the great homage that was paid him as well by the faces as the voices of the multitude. But one person, a Bonze, seemed transported beyond all the rest with an enthusiasm of admiration, and followed at a respectful distance from his side, bowing to the earth at every ten paces, and exclaiming,

"Thanks to my lord for his jewels!" After repeating this for about six times, he increased the expressions of his gratitude, and said, "Thanks to my illustrious lord, from his poor servant, for his glorious jewels"—And then again, "Thanks to my illustrious lord, whose eye knoweth not degradation, from his poor servant, who is not fit to exist before him, for his jewels that make the rays of the sun look like ink." In short, the man's gratitude was so great, and its language delivered in phrases so choice, that Quo could contain his curiosity no longer, and turning aside, demanded to know his meaning: "I have not given you the jewels," said the favorite, "and why should you thank me for them?"

"Refulgent Quo!" answered the Bonze, again bowing to the earth, "what you say is as true as the five maxims of Fo, who was born without a father:—but your slave repeats his thanks, and is indeed infinitely obliged. You must know, O dazzling son of Quee, that of all my sect I have perhaps the greatest taste for enjoying myself. Seeing my lord therefore go by, I could not but be transported at having so great a pleasure, and said to myself, 'The great Quo is very kind to me and my fellow-citizens: he has taken infinite labor to acquire his magnificence; he takes still greater pains to preserve it, and all the while, I, who am lying under a shed, enjoy it for nothing.'"

A hundred years after, when the Emperor Whang heard this story, he diminished in expenditure of his household one half, and ordered the dead Bonze to be raised to the rank of a Colao.

A PRIZE.

I won—it was not worth an hour
Of the lifetime thrown aside—
Of feelings that rose in their day of power,
A deep desponding tide!

I won a heart—a feeble thing,
Where passion never came
To raise the tone of another string
Than the solitary same.

It knew not strong ambition, sought
No other joys above
The transient and the trembling thought
Of its required love;

Its passion was in this;—no more—
It could not bring to bear
The birth of one new feeling o'er
The little that was there.

And she was one whose very brow
In its deep beauty rose,
Like an altar where an angel's vow
Might sacredly repose.

Yet there was wanting all—the spell—
The wizard of the dream—
The soul that gifted the silver shell
With the tone of its native stream.

She's but a play-thing to caress,
A jewel for the wear,
What worth is woman's love lines
And no emotion there?

T. T. S.

THE LOG OF THE ROVER.

DON QUIXOTE AND SAMSON CARRASCO.

ALL who have read the history of Don Quixote will at once perceive that the artist has fully entered into the spirit of satire which animated Cervantes. To those who are unacquainted with the story we may briefly observe that the kneeling figure is Samson Carrasco, who is about to turn the credulity of Don Quixote to his own amusement. Samson Carrasco is described as having all the "signs of a malicious disposition, and one that would delight in nothing more than in making sport for himself by ridiculing others, as he plainly discovered when he saw Don Quixote, for falling down on his knees before him, 'Admit me to kiss your honor's hand,' cried he, 'most noble Don Quixote; for by the habit of St. Peter, which I wear, though, indeed, I have as yet taken but the four first of the holy orders, you are certainly one of the most renowned knights-errant that ever was, or ever will be, through the whole extent of the habitable globe. Blest may the sage Cid Hamet Benengeli be, for enriching the world with the history of your mighty deeds; and more than blessed that curious virtuoso who took care to have it translated out of the Arabic into our vulgar tongue, for the universal entertainment of mankind.' 'Sir,' said Don Quixote, making him rise, 'is it then possible that my history is extant, and that it was a Moor, and one of the sages, that penned it?'

The original painting from which the plate is engraved, is by Joseph W. Wright, a very distinguished English painter who died in 1797. He was particularly famous for producing extraordinary effects of light.

DEAVERTOWN, (O.)—Several weeks back we received a letter from B. Graham, P. M., at the above place, enclosing an order on the postmaster of this city to pay us the amount of a year's subscription to the Rover, for J. C. Guthrie, jr. The law requires that a duplicate order be sent, also, to the P. M. This was not done; and, though Mr. Graham has been written to, we cannot persuade him into sending Postmaster Morris a duplicate, and until this is done, we cannot get our subscription money. Will our subscriber, J. C. G., attend to the matter, or withdraw his money and send it on enclosed in a letter? When will this stupid business have an end? We have been put to more trouble than twice the amount of subscription would pay for.

☞ We never published that our edition WITH STEEL PLATE could be had for a dollar a year, nor authorised our agents to act upon such principles.

NEW BOOKS.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY, for the Use of Young Ladies at Home and at School. By Miss Catharine E. Beecher. New York Harper & Brothers.

This is a very capital and useful work, and is dedicated to American Mothers. We know not how to express the high opinion we have of the merits of this work, but most heartily recommend that it be found in the library of every young lady and upon the centre-table of every drawing room.

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As magnificent as any previous numbers. The text is brought down to 2 Esdras, chapter ten.

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This work keeps up its high character in point of beautiful typography and elegant illustrations. The present number contains a portion of the tempest.

THE INDICATOR AND COMPANION, Part II. By Leigh Hunt. New York: Wiley & Putnam, 161 Broadway.

This work forms number 20 of the Library of Choice Reading, and is a most delightful volume. We are always pleased to hear from Hunt, for we never find him otherwise than a most agreeable and instructive companion.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, for August. Leonard Scott & Co., 112 Fulton street.

This is a very valuable and interesting number of this paragon of magazines. The republication in this country should be eminently successful.

THE TREASURY OF HISTORY, No. 8.

The work approaches rapidly its completion, and redoubles in interest. The present part contains the remainder of the history of Ireland, the whole of Scotland and France, with a portion of Spain. The ability of Mr. Maunder in condensing, yet affording a perfect view of all that is useful in history, is amply displayed in this number. Price 25 cents each part. Daniel Adee, 107 Fulton street, New York.

CHANGING OUR NAME.

At the conclusion of the present volume, which will end on the 13th September, we shall drop the name of the ROVER, and adopt that of the

NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

VOLUME I.....SEPTEMBER 20, 1845.....NUMBER 1.
The following are among some of the reasons which have moved us to this course:

1st. Because of the unpopularity of its present name, injurious to its character as an elegant magazine of polite literature, which has kept many persons from patronizing it, thinking, by our title, that we were "no better than we should be."

2d. As we have such constant calls for back numbers and complete sets of the previous volumes, we have a desire to commence a new series in order that our patrons may have an opportunity to possess themselves of an entire work, beginning with the first number of a new volume.

3d. Because we wish to make many improvements in the department of illustrations, and in the editorial management of its pages—to superintend the former, we have secured the services of one of the first artists of the country, and to the latter we shall devote our entire time and energies, which heretofore we have been unable to do, from a pressure of other and arduous duties.

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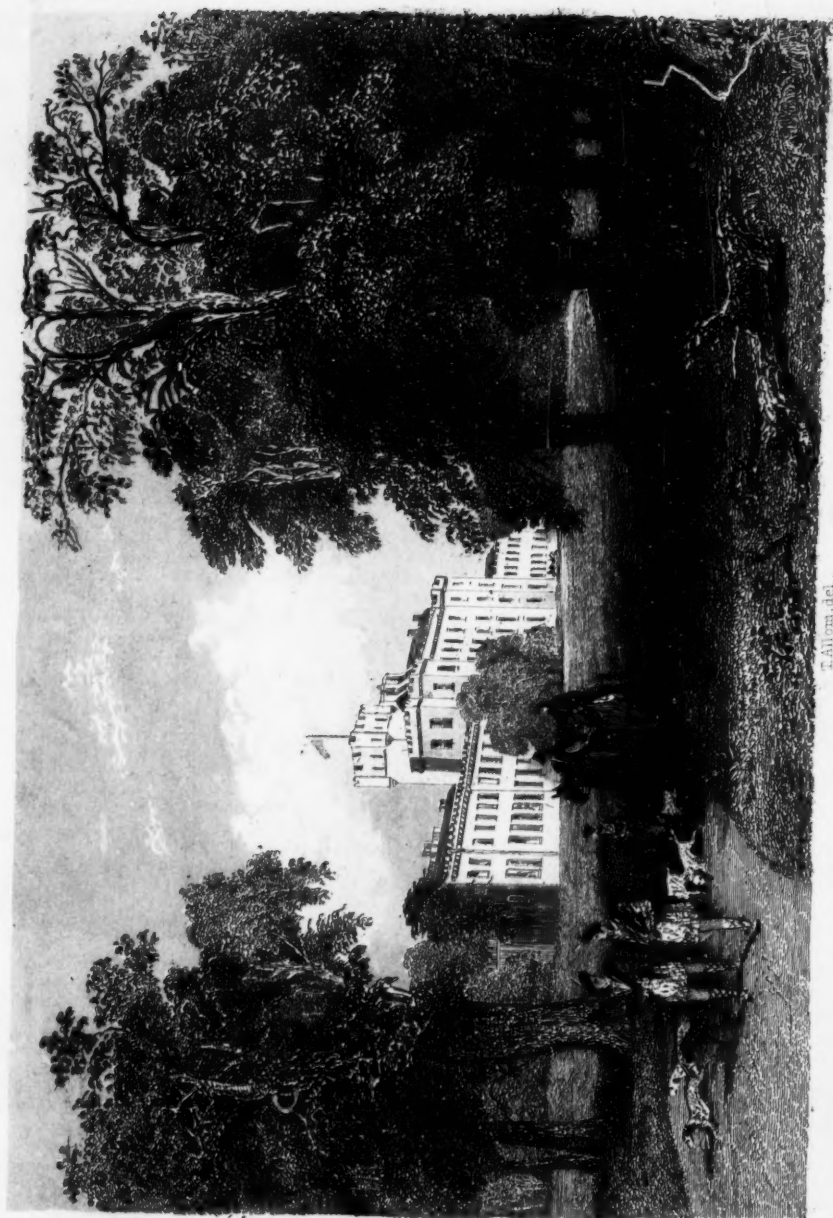
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